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SPECIMEN OF WELCH PREACHING.

At a meeting of ministers at Bristol, the Rev. Mr. —— invited several of his brethren to sup with him; among them was the minister officiating at the Welch meeting house in that city. He was an entire stranger to all the company, and silently attentive to the general conversation of his brethren. The subject on which they were discoursing was the different strains of public preaching. When several had given their opinions, and had mentioned some individuals as good preachers, and such as were models as to style of composition, &c. Mr. —— turned to the Welch stranger and solicited *his* opinion. He said he felt it to be a *privilege* to be *silent* when such men were *discoursing*; but that he felt it a *duty* to comply with his request — 'But,' said he 'if I must give my opinion, I should say that ye have no good preachers in England-' 'No,' said Mr. L.—— 'No,' said he; 'that is, I mean no such preachers as we have in the Principality' 'I know,' said Mr. L.——, 'you are famous for jumping in Wales, but this is not owing, I suppose, so much to the strain of preaching which the people hear, as to the enthusiasm of their characters.' 'Indeed, said the Welchman, '*you* would jump too, if you heard and understood such preaching.' 'Why,' said Mr. L——, 'do you not think that I could make them jump if I were to preach to them?' 'You make them jump,' exclaimed the Welchman, 'you make them jump? A Welchman would set fire to the world, while you were lighting *your match*.' The whole company became very much interested in this new turn of the subject, and unanimously requested the good man to give them some specimen of the style and manner of preaching in the Principality. 'Specimen, said he, 'I cannot give you; if John Elias were here, he would give you a specimen *indeed!*—Oh! John Elias is a great preacher.' 'Well,' said the company, 'give us something that you have heard from him.' 'Oh no,' said he, 'I cannot do justice to it: besides, do you understand the Welch language? They said, 'no, not so well as to follow a discourse.' 'Then,' said he, it is impossible for you to understand it, if I were to give you a specimen.' 'But,' said they, 'cannot you put it into English?" 'Oh!' said he, 'your poor meagre language would spoil it; it is not capable of expressing those ideas which a Welchman can conceive; I cannot give you a specimen in English without spoiling it.' The interest of the company was increased, and nothing would do but something of a specimen; while they promised to make every allowance for the language.

'Well,' said the Welchman, 'if you must have a piece, I must try, but I don't know what to give you. I do not recollect a piece of John Elias, he is our best preacher; I must think a little;—well, I recollect a piece of Christmas Evans. Christmas Evans was a good preacher, and I heard him a little time ago at an association of Ministers. He was preaching on the depravity of man by sin —of his recovery by the death of Christ—and he said, 'Brethren, if I were to represent to you in a figure, the condition of man as a sinner, and the means of his recovery by the cross of Jesus Christ. I should represent it something in this way: suppose a large grave-yard surrounded by a high wall, with only one entrance, which is by a large iron gate, which is *fast bolted*. Within these walls are thousands and tens of thousands of human beings, of all ages and of all classes, by one epidemic disease bending to the grave; the grave yearns to swallow them, and they must die. There is no balm to relieve them—no physician there—they *must* perish. This is the condition of man as a sinner—all, all have sinned, and 'the soul that sinneth it shall die.' While man was in this deplorable state, *Mercy* the darling attribute of Deity, came down and stood at the gate, looking at the scene and wept over it, 'Oh that I might enter, I would bind up their wounds—I would relieve their sorrows—I would save their souls!' while Mercy stood weeping at the gate, an embassy of angels, commissioned from the court of Heaven to some other world, passing over, paused at the sight, and heaven forgive that pause; and seeing Mercy standing there, they cried, 'Mercy, Mercy, can you not enter? Can you look upon this scene and not pity?' Can you pity and not relieve? 'Mercy replied, 'I *can see!*' and in her tears she added. 'I can pity, but I cannot relieve.' 'Why can you not enter?' 'Oh! said Mercy, Justice has barred the gate against me, and I cannot, must not unbar it.' At this moment, Justice himself, appeared as it were to watch the gate. The angels inquired of him, 'why will you not let Mercy in?' Justice replied, 'my law is broken, and it must be honoured; die *they* or *Justice* must!' At this, there appeared a form among the angelic band, like unto the Son of God, who addressing himself to Justice, said, 'what are thy demands?' Justice replied, my terms are stern and rigid, I must have sickness for their health—I must have ignominy for their honour—I must have death for life,' '*without shedding of blood there is no remission.*' 'Justice,' said the Son of God, '*I accept thy terms.* On me be this wrong, and let Mercy enter" 'When,' said Justice, 'will you perform this promise?' Jesus replied, 'Four thousand years hence upon the hill of Calvary without the gates of Jerusalem, I will perform it in my own person.' The deed was prepared and signed in the presence of the angels of God—Justice was satisfied, and Mercy entered preaching *Salvation* in the name of Jesus. The deed was committed to the Patriarchs, by them to the kings of Israel and the Prophets, by them it was preserved till Daniel's seventy weeks were accomplished; then, at the appointed time, Justice appeared on the Hill of Calvary, and Mercy presented unto him the important deed. 'Where,' said Justice, is the Son of God?' Mercy answered, 'behold him at the bottom of the hill, bearing his own cross;' and then she departed and stood aloof at the hour of trial. Jesus ascended the hill, while in his train followed his weeping Church. Justice immediately presented him with the deed saying, 'This is the day when this bond is to be executed' When he received it, did he tear it in pieces and give it to the winds of Heaven? No, He nailed it to the cross, exclaiming 'It is finished.' Justice called on holy fire to come down and consume the sacrifice: holy fire descended, it swallowed His humanity but when it touched His Deity it expired! and there was darkness over the whole Heavens: but 'glory to God in the highest, on earth peace good will to men.' 'This, said the Welchman, 'this is but a specimen of Christmas Evans.'

From the Norwalk Gazette.

TRIUMPH OF PRINCIPLE.

A few weeks since the Proprietors of the steam-boat Oliver Ellsworth advertised that that boat would hereafter leave New York so as to arrive in Hartford on the Sabbath. This notice produced a great degree of excitement in all the towns in that vicinity, especially those lying on the river, and public remonstrances were made against the arrangement. The consequence has been, that the company have rescinded their order, and the boat will continue to run on her usual days. This experiment shows what men of principle can effect when they take an evil in its budding. Had they suffered the sailing of this boat on the Sabbath to have become an established custom, they could no more have broken it up than they could have, in so short a time, destroyed the inveterate habits of a confirmed drunkard. Of all the moral evils of which good men complain, none are so much to be feared as those which have grown into habit.

A similar triumph of principle was achieved at Boston not many weeks since, and in very nearly the same manner. The steam boat Legislator had commenced running on the Sabbath between that city and Nahant, a distance of about nine miles; and not a few were found glad of an opportunity to profane the Sabbath by steam. But the more serious people were alarmed and grieved; much conversation was excited; a remonstrance was drawn up and circulated among the proprietors of the boat, many of whom signed it without hesitation. But the triumph of principle was already complete: the rumor of these movements had reached the ears of the managers; and ere the remonstrance could be presented, it was announced that the *steam boat would no longer run between Boston and Nahant on the Sabbath.*

A minister was recovering of a dangerous illness, when one of his friends addressed him thus: "Sir, though God seems to be bringing you up from the gates of death, yet it will be a long time before you will sufficiently retrieve your strength, and regain vigor enough of mind to preach as usual." The good man answered, "You are mistaken, my friend; for this six weeks illness has taught me more divinity than all my past studies and all my ten years ministry put together."

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

"Be clothed with humility," and have "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

The figurative language of the Bible will always allow of the most plain, and practical interpretation. When our Lord, for instance, relates the parable of the merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who sold all that he had to obtain one of great price, we are not to regard it as an entertaining fable. Its meaning is plainly this,—that eternal life is of such incalculable value, that it is infinitely worth while to part with every thing that must be sacrificed to its attainment. The merchant sold his all to gain one pearl; for, by this means, he would abundantly enrich himself; he acted wisely therefore for "the children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light." In like manner, whatever we may resign of present pleasure or advantage with a view to our eternal welfare, will prove so unspeakably advantageous in the end, that nothing but the grossest blindness and inattention to our own interests, could make us unwilling to do so.

The language of the apostle Peter, quoted above, is no less plain and practical in its import. The apparel he recommends, is no fancy dress which we are not really expected to wear. On the contrary, we may,—we must, if we are Christians, be thus clothed with humility, and have this ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Some of our young readers would probably hear with considerable interest, that the most becoming dress and the most brilliant jewels ever worn were offered for their acceptance. Now, this is truly the case Clothed with humility, and adorned with a meek and quiet spirit, they would be more richly attired than in the most costly array. Who then will turn away disappointed from such a gift, and think some sparkling bauble more desirable! Oh! remember in whose sight this ornament is of "great price." It is well to pause and reflect closely upon such an assertion. Many such passages of Scripture are, it is to be feared, passed over with slight attention, so that their force and beauty are little perceived. Many perhaps, who spend some precious hours every day in reflections upon their outward decorations, have never stopped to meditate upon this striking declaration;—*in the sight of* God *of great price*. He who forms the most accurate and impartial estimate of the true and comparative value of all things, He who formed and gave their lustre to those shining gems we so greatly admire, is fully aware of whatever beauty and value they possess. Yet, He says, "not with gold, and pearls, and costly array, but "with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." It is not our present intention, to enter upon that part of the subject to which the words just quoted would afford so suitable a text: nor to inquire how far the expression "not with gold and pearls," &c. may be supposed to imply a direct prohibition of a showy stile of attire. That they condemn that excessive attention paid to appearance which so greatly prevails among professing Christians, cannot, however, be doubted. But our present purpose is to recommend that "inward adorning of the mind," which is here described. Indeed, there is little fear, that they who eminently shine with these internal graces, will be prone to excess in external decoration. Humility, whose chief characteristic it is to be contented to pass without observation, will, surely, seldom be found excessively arrayed in those ornaments which expressly invite it. There may be some however, who, though not destitute of this Christian grace, yet conform too much to the customs of those around them, merely from the want of a due consideration of the subject.

"Be ye clothed with humility." There is a grace in the very word; an attraction, which they who feel not, must be as destitute of true taste as of right principle. There is no age to which it does not belong; but to the young how eminently becoming! Humility is the very foundation of Christianity; we must be abased, before we can be exalted; and our highest exaltation must, at last, consist in the depth of our humiliation. He who is the "High and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity," exhibited, during the whole period of his abode on earth, a perfect pattern of this virtue. He not only "was found in fashion as a man," but "took upon him the form of a servant;" and let us remember, that he set us this example in order "that we might follow his steps." When we are conscious of the swellings of pride of the risings of vanity, let us think of the Lord Jesus Christ,—endeavour to realize his appearance, his manner, and to ascertain what conduct or feelings he would display or recommend on the present occasion. Above all, let us remember,—however we may imagine the secret workings of our vain hearts to be concealed from those around us, (though even this is rarely the case,)—that His eye beholds them all, and with what sentiments we are fully informed; "The Lord resisteth the proud;" "the proud He knoweth afar off."

Be ye *clothed* with humility: there is a peculiar beauty in this figure. It is to cover us completely, like a garment, and without it we must never appear. This simple attire need fear no injury. A person walking the streets in delicate and costly clothing, is perpetually in danger of its being soiled and torn; while another, in plain garments, may go about without fear of inconvenience from the common accidents to which he is exposed. So a vain, showy mind, is continually exposed to pain and mortification, from which one of a humble unassuming temper is perfectly secure. The freedom, ease, and tranquility he enjoys can, indeed, scarcely be conceived of by those of an opposite spirit. And the garments of humility are armour as well as clothing. They form an invulnerable covering, which malice itself cannot penetrate.

"He that is down, need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

Bunyan's shepherd boy sang sweetly when he sang thus.

And what is this ornament on which we ought to set so high a value?—A meek and quiet spirit. O, what a different world ours would be, if this heavenly jewelry were to become fashionable! but alas! how rarely do we see it worn! we hear much outcry of wrong, insult, ingratitude. The peace of every private circle is interrupted, more or less, by some petty contention. And here is a simple means which would heal every breach, calm every storm, allay every irritation.—There is a certain temper called spirit in some young people, which is altogether opposed to meekness and quietness. The very terms, indeed, would probably excite in them a smile of contempt But this would only prove them to be unacquainted with the nature of true dignity and real manliness. That the most perfect dignity of character and manner is consistent with these virtues was eminently manifested in Him who was beyond all others, "meek and lowly in heart." That spirit which is by some so greatly admired, would upon investigation, be found to be made up of the most mean and pitiful qualities, and to proceed from a contemptible species of vanity. But, can it be necessary to insist on the excellence of those tempers which the Bible itself recommends? Can that be mean, unmanly, or of small value, which in the sight of God, is of great price!

Every word of God is true. It is therefore true, however reluctantly we may be disposed to admit it, that even a child, who subdues a rising fit of passion, or submits patiently to some little grievance that he felt disposed to resist, is "greater than he that taketh a city"

Do we need other inducements to cultivate this temper? Let us make the trial for one day; let us be peaceable, meek, forbearing, submissive, determining not to be provoked by provocation; and remark, if that day will not be more productive of happiness to ourselves, as well as to all around us, than another in which rights have been maintained, privileges asserted, insults returned and wrongs ever so successfully revenged. This, indeed, must be the case, because holiness and happiness, our duty and our interest, are inseparably connected.

Let our young readers then, while they wisely repress that inordinate attention to external decoration which so generally prevails, be ambitious to win and wear this choice array, these precious ornaments. Let them "learn of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, and they shall find peace in their consciences and rest to their souls."

Miss Jane Taylor.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

TO TEACHERS AND SUPERINTENDENTS.

As a friend to man, I have watched with growing interest, the various efforts which have been made to rescue him from the embarrassments and evils which sin has brought upon him. I know of no single institution, which has been formed for this purpose, which can be dispensed with. But all are not of equal importance. "One star differeth from another star in glory." After having carefully examined the constitution of each society, I am satisfied, *and have long been*, that the Sabbath school system embodies the greatest efficiency with the least expense, of any that has ever been found. I have therefore given it my support, though not to the neglect of others; for it would be maddess to put out the stars, because they are not *suns*.

I have been a teacher, superintendent, director, and I should be glad if I could add *scholar*, in the Sabbath school. I have rejoiced at its success and grieved at its embarrassments.

I regard a want of competent devoted teachers, as among the greatest hindrances to the complete success of the system. Where such teachers could be had, I never knew an instance that children could not be collected in crowds, and the most inveterate opposition and indifference of parents, mostly, if not entirely, overcome. Such teachers are not common. It is vastly important that they should be multiplied. They can be. There are, in almost every neighbourhood, materials

which can be formed into these agents of incalculable good. I have feared that friends of Sabbath schools, in their zeal, have aimed more at the increase of schools than at their efficiency: though I heartily rejoice that much attention is now paid to system. If teachers and superintendents will allow me to drop them a hint on the subject, I will do it with the sympathy of one who has experimental acquaintance with the responsibilities and trials of both stations.

It is hoped that the most of you *love your work*. Yet you feel your want of qualifications and tremble at the amazing responsibilities connected with your station. At times you are ready to resign your charge and leave the children of your classes to the instruction of others, or to wander as before, untaught in bliss.

There is not the least doubt but you ought to be better qualified to discharge the duties assigned you, and that you *must* be before Sabbath schools accomplish the stupendous work assigned them, which is nothing less than the religious education of every youth on earth.

To this assertion you give your assent—but say that you must leave the school. For what? there are none more capable of discharging these duties than you, if the directors did their duty when they elected you. Those qualifications which are wanting, you *can acquire*. Use the same diligence to prepare for the Sabbath School that you would if called to teach a district school, though you will not receive the same pecuniary reward. The most objectionable thing that I know in our teachers is, that when their want of qualifications is brought to view, they are for *resigning their charges* at once, or else, plod on *without an effort to improve*. This is wrong.

If you love your work and feel as you should do, you will be mindful of every hint, by which you can discover your defects and your duty, and instantly and vigorously set yourself to work to prepare for a more able performance of the service assigned you. You look upon the office of a minister as high and holy. Did you never think how *near* is yours in height and sanctity? Qualifications for the ministry are many and great, and are to be *acquired*. So are yours. And pious young men, who long to do good, might stand idle, or spend life in feeding their bodies merely, if they were to wait for miraculous endowments "Why stand ye all the day idle," seeing ministers have to gain their qualifications by severe and long continued effort. They occupy more time than is required of you, only because their work is greater. If you are not more anxious to qualify yourselves because you do not receive a *salary* for your services, you should be honest enough to tell your employers this, that they may seek others who are willing to discharge your duties with intelligence and zeal without money and without price; or reward you sufficiently to enlist *all your powers*.

Think often of the judgment day, when you and your scholars will be *examined closely;* anticipate its decision; compare your duty and your doing; improve what is right, and condemn and reform what is wrong Every teacher ought to read and study the Sunday School Teacher's Guide, or the Teacher's Manuel, or rather both. Every teacher should have the reading of a Sunday School periodical; such as the *Visitant or Sunday School Magazine*. Your duties are great. Cold wishes will not qualify you for teaching, any more than indolence help you in the very act.

Awake to effort. Cultivate a love for your duty and the children committed to your care. Lay all your reading and every occurrence under contribution to aid you in your work. Study simplicity of thought and expression. Your thoughts *cannot* be too simple, except they are vulgar. Attend a Bible Class once a week, and get your soul into its duties. It will greatly aid in your instructions on the Sabbath. To teach others you need to understand truth yourselves. Study—study—study. If possible, get the confidence and good will of your children. To do this, you must order your conduct and conversation in such a manner as to convince them that you love them and seek their good We can get the heart of a child in no other way than we do that of a grown person, by *giving our own*. Angels employ their powers in this work—do not think, then, that you can safely or properly hold back yours. I heartily wish you success in the good work assigned you, and intend to help in it according to my ability.

Visitant.

From the Missionary Herald.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE OSAGE INDIANS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM F. VAILL.

In person, the Osages are generally tall, and make a noble appearance. Their inventions are few; for when they show you their bows, arrows, and pipes, and curious belts, you have seen all. Many of their females are beginning to make their own garments. They are naturally amiable and friendly; and always shake hands with a smile on their countenance Though they love hunting, and delight in war, they have never been known to torture prisoners. If they decide on war, they will go to war, and kill, or take all they can; but it is soon over; and prisoners are well treated. If any one has lost a child, the prisoner is made to supply its place. A Pawnee boy or girl, sometimes receives, if possible, more affection and attention, than an own child, because adopted in the room of one dead Strangers are always pleased with the hospitality of these people. They will divide the last meal, and never suffer one to go hungry from their village, or remain there in want, if they have to give. Their custom is, when a stranger arrives in town, to invite him to many feasts. Some have been invited to fifteen or twenty the same evening. Their meals consists of one dish, served up in a wooden bowl, with a spoon made from a buffalo horn; and you connot please them more than to taste their feasts Yet, with all this hospitality to strangers, they will sometimes leave an aged *father*, or *mother*, to perish and die, alone, far from home, without food, friends, or pity. They are not quarrelsome among themselves, but are remarkable for mildness. Nor are they intemperate. In six years, I have not seen one of them drunk. They are afraid of whiskey, and call it *fire-water*. They like the *water*, but not the *fire*. Their manners are simple, and their morals untainted by intercourse with the whites. The magnanimity of those, who gave up themselves to be tried for their lives, exceeds almost any thing of modern times. One of them said, "My father, I am innocent of this murder. It was done by mistake. But I give myself to trial." Another,—"My father, I am not an enemy to white men When did they come to my town, and I did not feed them? Their death hath covered my gray heirs with sorrow. I will go to trial." All this was done freely—of their own minds; and when they were put in irons, on their way to prison, one showed the captain how he could slip his hands from his irons, and at any time have made his escape; but it was dishonourable. In a late hunt, the Indians found two white men, catching their wild horses. They took the men and their property, and were about conducting them to the Fort, as they had been directed by their agent. "No," says Claimore, the chief, "Let the men go Ere they reach the Fort, some one may shoot them, and that will bring trouble. Let them go." Then ordering his people to march, he stood by the men, till the ground was cleared, gave back their horses, and pointing to their own country, said, "Go—and never again show yourselves on Indian war-ground."

A NEW TRACT DISTRIBUTOR

Not many weeks since, a Senator of the United States Congress, who had, never greatly troubled himself or others, about religious matters, was passing, in a public coach, between Utica and Albany. Among other passengers in the same coach, was a young merchant from Massachusetts, who had provided himself with a number of Tracts, in order to distribute them during his journey. A favourable opportunity occuring, he took two or three of them from his hat, and commenced reading, apparently for his own amusement. The curiosity of the other passengers was thus excited, and it was not long before nearly all of them were engaged in examining a Tract. The Senator, as it happened, took a copy of the Tract entitled "A Strange Thing"—which will be remembered by those who have read it, as an admirable exposure of the doctrine of Universal Salvation. Having examined it cursorily, he returned it to the merchant.—A short time after, as the coach was making a brief stop at a tavern, an odd genius came up, and without ceremony, and altogether gratuitously, declared himself a Universalist. "He believed in the mercy of God," he said, "and that was enough. He was willing to risk his salvation upon it." The Senator, finding himself thus unexpectedly beset. (for the remarks were addressed more especially to him) and not caring to commence a laboured argument on the subject, winked to the merchant for "A Strange Thing," and handed it to his assailant, exhorting him to read it. "Ha! you're a missionary then, are you?" exclaimed the Universalist, "going about doing good." He, however, promised to read the Tract, and the coach drove off, just in time to save the dignity of the Senator, and the gravity of the whole company. It was without doubt the first Tract which the honorable gentleman ever distributed: but it may be found, at the last day, to have accomplished more real good than all the previous actions of his life. *N. Y. Obs.*

Fruit Trees.—A disease affecting the apple, quince and other fruit trees, is now prevalent in different parts of the country. It first appears on the twigs and small branches, and, if not checked, gradually extends down to the trunk of the tree. The branches are dried up, and the leaves wither without any apparent cause. A gentleman of our acquaintance assures us, that an effectual remedy may be applied, simply by cutting off the limbs just below the point, to which the disease has extended.

A woman that loves to be at the window, is like a bunch of Grapes in the highway.

THE
Luminary.

Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

LEXINGTON:
WEDNESDAY, OCT. 18, 1826.

For the Western Luminary.

ON FALSEHOOD.

It will be acknowledged, even by those who practice it not, that clear and upright dealing, both in words and actions, is the honour of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in gold or silver. It has been said, and justly; that the Devil is a liar, and the father of lies; and it may with equal propriety be said, that he is the father of liars, or that they are his children; for his ye are whom ye serve, and whose works ye do. The Devil has been compared to, and called a Serpent, and does not the liar resemble the serpent in his winding and crooked courses? There are many other points of resemblance, but we think even these are enough to make any thinking mind, shrink from a vice so shameful, base and perfidious, when they remember the father and author. Montaigne saith, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards men, for a lie faces God, and shrinks from men. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false, and no wonder, for it is truly shameful. It would be Heaven upon earth, if all men's minds moved in charity, rested in Providence, and turned upon the poles of truth.

APOLLO.

DUTY OF WIVES

One of the most curious specimens of the literature of the Hindoos, is a poem, supposed to have been written 14 centuries ago, entitled the "Teroo Vaullavar Kuddul, or the Ocean of Wisdom." The following is a prose translation of a portion of this poem:

ON THE DUTY OF WIVES.

She is the true help mate, who, possessing an amiable temper and prudent disposition, proportions her husband's expenses to his income.

The goodness of her heart will manifest itself, in feeding holy hermits in graciously entertaining her husband's guests, and in showing mercy to the poor. Her prudence will be displayed, in providing, personally, for the future wants of her family, in preparing her husband's meals with regularity, and in maintaining the just reputation of a good manager. She will take care to arrange the current expenditure, as not to encroach on the capital of her husband's property.

Where such a conduct in the wife is wanting, though the house should overflow with gold, yet shall it prove to the owner no better than an empty hovel.

Where an amiable heart and a prudent disposition are united in a wife, no want will be felt in that house; her judicious management will create a sense of abundance in all its happy inhabitants. Therefore, the first qualities in a wife, are temper and prudence

If you desire earthly blessings, let a good wife be your first object: be assured, no wealth is to be compared to her. Such a wife as above described, is worth enduring a life of penance to obtain.

A chaste woman, who, considering her husband as the more immediate object of her devotion, dedicates her first waking thoughts to him, is so superior a character, that the very rain will descend at her requisition.

A good wife will rise early to perform her devotion to the Gods, a service she will delight in: she will guard her chastity; prepare her husband's food with care: will conduct herself with judicious caution, as to secure his good fame, no less than her own; and finally, she will cultivate as a kind, no less than a prudent disposition.

What avails it to a husband, to guard his wife's honour with spies and bolts? His best security will be, so to conduct himself, as to induce her to be on her guard. Alas! when once a woman's heart is unhappily set upon strange men, bars and chains will not prevent their guilty intercourse.

Good wives, shall at death, be born again unto the world of *Diavers*, and there assist at the heavenly feasts and processions.

The man whose wife is not correct in her demeanor, cannot, like a lion, fearlessly face those who slander and contemn him.

The highest bliss on earth, consists in possessing a faithful wife, and obedient children.

INTERESTING MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

We find in the N. Y. Statesman an account of a marriage celebrated, on the 18th ult. by Rev. Dr. M'Auley, between Mr. D. C. Mitchell and Miss Mary E. Rose, a beautiful deaf and dumb girl. The ceremony, though short was imposing, and was performed before a crowded meeting of friends, and strangers to the parties, attracted by the novelty of the scene and the circumstance of one of them being a mute. The parties took their station in the middle aisle of the church, and Dr. M'Auley commenced by making a very impressive and appropriate prayer. He then, addressing the groom gave the usual charge and repeated the words of the marriage covenant, to which Mr. Mitchell signified his consent. He then stated that as Miss Rose was a mute the covenant had been written out in full and explained to her and that she clearly comprehended it. It was accordingly handed to her, she read it with deliberation intimated by signs that she understood it, and consented. Dr M'Auley presented a pen and ink and she subscribed the covenant, when the same was done by Mr. Mitchell The minister then pronounced them *Husband and Wife*, and concluded with a prayer. The marriage certificate was handed to Mr. Rose the father of the bride, and the covenant, after having been subscribed as witnesses by a dozen or more persons, was delivered to the Directors of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in the city of New York, in which Miss Rose had been educated

The late Miss Rose, now Mrs. Mitchell, is almost 19 years old, an exquisitely beautiful and agreeable woman. She has been about seven years in the institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the latter part of the time as an assistant teacher. Her husband is engaged as principal teacher in the Central School for the Deaf and Dumb at Canajoharie, in Montgomery county, N Y. whither the new married couple will shortly proceed.

A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER ON MARRIAGE.

You are now, my beloved child, about to leave those arms which have hitherto cherished you and directed your every step, and at length conducted you to a safe, happy, and honourable protection, in the very bosom of love and honour. You must now be no longer, the flighty, inconsiderate, haughty, passionate girl, but ever, with reverence and delight have the merit of your husband in view. Reflect how vast the sum of your obligation to the man who confers upon you independence, distinction, and above all, felicity. Moderate, then, my beloved child, your private expenses and proportion your general expenditure to the standard of his fortune, or rather his wishes. I fear not that, with your education and principles, you can ever forget the more sacred duties, so soon to be your sphere of action. Remember the solemnity of your vows, the dignity of your character, the sanctity of your condition. You are amenable to society for your example to your husband for his honour and happiness and to Heaven itself for those rich talents intrusted to your care and your improvement; and though, in the maze of pleasure, or the whirl of passion the duties of the heart may be forgotten, remember my darling child there is a record which will one day appear in terrible evidence against us for our least omission.

The late Miss Jane Taylor says:—"I do belive the reason why so few men, even among the intelligent, wish to encourage the mental cultivation of women, is their excessive love of the good things of this life: they tremble for their dear stomachs, concluding that a woman who could taste the pleasures of poetry or sentiment, would never descend to pay due attention to those e quisite flavors in pudding or pie, that are so gratifying to their philosophic palates; and yet, poor gentlemen, it is a thousand pities they should be so mistaken; for after all, who so much as a woman of sense and cultivation, will feel the real importance of her domestic duties; or who so well, so cheerfully, perform them?"

DUELLING.

The first duel that was ever fought in the Union, was in New-England. In 1621, a year after the first settlement of those states, two servants, burning with fierce resentment against each other, chose what was then called the "honourable way" in France and England, of quenching their enmity They met on the field—bravely fought—but both escaped unhurt. The puritans of those days instantly seized them, and for such a "misleidying and ungodlie cryme againste the good order of theyre societie," they condemned the wicked transgressors to be tied hand and foot, and to wholly abstain for the space of twenty four hours, from drink and food. This salutary example withered in the bud all sorts of duels in those ancient colonies.

A wealthy doctor who can help a poor man, and will not without a fee, has less sense of humanity, than a poor ruffian, who kills a rich man to supply his necessities. It is something monstrous, to consider a man of a liberal education, tearing out the bowels of a poor family, by taking for a visit, what would keep them for a week.—*Tatler.*

A land Turtle was found by a boy on the farm of George Hunter, in Newton, Delaware county, a few days ago, marked I H. 1761—he lived 15 years under the protection of a king's subjects, and has lived to see the Jubilee of American Independence.

TO PREACHERS.

1. "Be sure never to *disappoint* a congregation, unless in case of life or death.

2. "Begin and end precisely at the time appointed.

3. "Let your deportment before the congregation be serious, weighty and solemn.

4. "Always *suit your subject* to your audience.

5. "Choose the plainest texts you can.

6. "Take care not to *ramble*, but keep to your text, and make out what you take in hand.

7. "Be sparing in *allegorizing* or *spiritualizing*.

8. "Take care of any thing awkward or affected either in your *gesture*, *phrase* or *pronunciation*.

9. "Sing no hymns of your composing.

10. "Beware of *clownishness*. Be courteous to all.

11. "Be *merciful* to your beast; not only ride moderately, but see that your horse be rubbed fed, and bedded.

12. "Every where recommend *cleanliness*. Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Avoid the error of those who are continually finding fault with their congregations because more do not attend. This is both imprudent, and unjust—*Imprudent*, for as people do not like to be *forced* in what should be a *free-will* offering, so they are infallibly disgusted with those who attempt it: *unjust*, it being contrary both to reason and equity to scold those who come, because others do not attend. I have known this conduct scatter a congregation, but I never knew it gather one. Indeed it savours too much of pride and self-love. It seems to say, "Why do you not come to hear ME! Am I not a most excellent preacher! What a reproach is it to your understanding, that you keep away when I am here!"—Bring Christ with you, and preach his truth in the love thereof, and you will never be without a congregation, if God have any work for you to do in that place. *Br. Clarke.*

CURE FOR STAMMERING.

We are well aware that the publication of this article will be injurious to the pecuniary interests of some individuals, but the public have a right to it, and many, we are sure, will be grateful to the man who has not, as he *might* have done, and as others *have* done, concealed and turned to his own profit, a discovery by which the happiness, for life, of multitudes of our fellow men may be so greatly promoted. We have had no opportunity to test it ourselves, but we have no doubt of the perfect correctness of our correspondent's assertion, that "the difficulty consists almost wholly in the attempt to speak while the lungs are partially exhausted." How beautifully this explains the fact, that stammering people can always *sing* without the least embarrassment! When a man sings, he raises his head, the lungs have free play, and are kept well filled with air. The difficulty is in the lungs, not in the tongue, which evidently can articulate nothing without a sufficient current of air passing through the mouth.

Mrs Leigh's *experience* may, for ought we know, render her a useful assistant in some difficult cases, but very few we apprehend, will need any thing more than a careful attention to the rules given by our correspondent.

Vermont Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR,

It is a maxim which I have adopted from my youth, to give publicity to any facts which will, in my opinion, be conducive to the public good. I pity from my heart, the man, whose sordid selfishness is so great, that he will withhold from the public, information which, if generally known, would promote the happiness of thousands. I apply this remark to those who were the first discoverers of the art of curing stammering people. Shall a man demand pay for telling another how he may be cured of a disagreeable disease; or rather, how he may be able to overcome an unfortunate habit? Yet such is the fact, and from *two to fifty dollars* have been demanded and received for the communication of a secret which every friend of man would consider himself bound to reveal. Permit me, therefore in order to prevent any farther unjust exactions from the unfortunate sufferers, to state, in a few words, the method by which the cure of stammering is effected.

I Keep the lungs full by frequent inhalations of air. The difficulty consists almost wholly in the attempt to speak while the lungs are partially exhausted.

II. If the tongue adheres too closely at first, to the roof of the mouth, place on it a nine penny piece or a quarter of a dollar, as it may be found necessary, that the utterance may be more distinct.

III. Being thus prepared, read a page of poetry, consisting of short lines, remembering to draw in the breath at the end of every line.

By following this plan, in a short time, a radical and permanent cure will be effected. No instance of failure has come to my knowledge. If I had time I would explain the principle on which the above rules are founded. What I have communicated is the result of my own investigations, and, as I have learned that others employ this method of cure, I feel confident that those who are afflicted with the complaint, will put a speedy end to the harrassing embarrassments which it often occasions.

A friend to the unfortunate.

GIRLS AT WALTHAM FACTORY.

From "Hints to my countrymen," a work recently published at New-York. (and attributed, by some, to the pen of Mr. S of Stockbridge.)

In 1825, there were about four hundred girls employed in it. These girls are geneaally the daughters of farmers in the neighbouring country; they earn more money in the cotton mills, than they could elsewhere. Many marry; when this takes place they leave the establishment. When the busines commenced at Waltham, the girls were made to understand, that the slightest suspicion entertained of the regularity of their conduct, would be the ground of dismissal, and that public opinion in the society, must constitute its law. That if a female was found in company with a man at an unseasonable hour, she would be discharged without further inquiry or proof. Upon one occasion, a girl fell under suspicion from having violated this rule: her companions instituted a complaint against her: she came to the superintendant with tears in her eyes, averring her innocence: he told her he was sorry for her case, if such was the fact, but that there was no help for it. Down to the time mentioned in 1825, in a society of four hundred girls, but a single case of gross misconduct ever came to the knowledge of the managers of the institution. Surely, without vain boasting, our country may be proud of a fact like this. We cannot but deplore the existence of vice any where, and more especially in a country so interesting as England, and when we mention the notorious profligacy of the females in the manufacturing esta lishments in Manchester, it is but to warn our countrymen of the necessity of moral and intellectual cultivation, and to teach them that the final and certain prosperity of all institutions, will be found to have no other basis.

From the Recorder & Telegraph.

A GOOD AFTER THOUGHT.

"Be not partaker of other men's sins; keep thyself pure."

Messrs. Editors,—I have had the unhappiness, of late, to join a couple in marriage, of whom the man is grossly intemperate. I fear that I have thus aided in laying a foundation for a wretched family. They might, indeed, have been married by some one else, if not by me. But I am convinced that refusing to perform the ceremony, under the circumstances of the case, would have been more honorable to my sacred profession, than the course which I pursued.—It would also have been a reproof to the parties concerned, which might have done them good; and would have shown others of a similar character, that their ways may be expected to meet reprehension. I enclose you two dollars, the marriage fees of the occasion, and, as an additional penalty on myself, I double the sum, making it four dollars, which I wish you to pay to the treasurer of the 'American Society for the Promotion of Temperance.' If this shall afford any aid to the objects of that society, and the publication of this statement shall lead my brethren to avoid the error which I have committed, I shall be happy in thus doing what I can to make reparation. *A Christian Minister.*

AN IMPOSTOR DETECTED.

A man by the name of IVY WALK, palms himself on the public as a Baptist preacher. He was expelled from the church in Carolina, for base obscenities with *colored females*. Five days after, he was arrested and thrown into prison, for committing a RAPE, on a white and virtuous female, and only escaped punishment by the technicality of the law. This individual was employed during the last spring and summer, by the Kentucky Bible Society, as an Agent; while in this employ, he visited Fredericksburg, Washington county, Ky. at which place, by a too great familiarity with a *colored female*, his reputation as a minister, was entirely destroyed. He has now in his possession, several certificates from individuals in Washington county, by which he will attempt to set aside what we have alledged against him, but they will not answer his purpose where the circumstances are known. He has also in his possession, several letters of commendation from respectable individuals in Carolina, which were given to him previous to the developement of his character.

☞Printers, do your duty. Warn females of the danger of receiving into their houses, a man whom neither modesty, honour, the sacredness of his profession, nor the Holy religion whose minister he professes to be, can restrain.

Editors of the Baptist Recorder.

P S. He left this place for Tennessee, and is probably preaching at this time in West Tennessee.

LARGE CHURCHES.

Rutgers-street church, N. York has 1025 communicants; 1st church Northern Liberties, Philadelphia, 900; Brick Church, New York, 855; 2d church, Philadelphia, 620; 1st church, Elizabethtown, N. J. 632, Orange, N. J. 596; Morristown, N. J. 535; Carlisle, Pa. 522; Troy, N. Y. 505. These are the only Presbyterian churches in the U. States that contain more than 500 members each.

The first Congregational church in Northampton, has about 650 communicants, and the Congregational church in Belchertown had near 600 a few years since.

MINISTERS.

Mr. Cecil used to say, that "the Devil did not care how ministers were employed, if not in their proper work; whether in hunting, and field sports; at cards and assemblies; in writing notes on the classicks; or in politicks, &c. It was all one to him; each might please his own taste."

A DUEL IN VERMONT.

On the evening preceding the election of State officers in this place, some persons were together talking of the candidates &c. for election. A foreigner who was present took in great dudgeon, some observations of a Vermonter, and challenged him to fight him with pistols at any distance. The Vermonter chose to fight at arm's length; and met him, armed with a bottle of new Beer, holding it in such a position as to appear like a pistol; at the word fire, the foreigner's pistol flashed in the pan, but the Vermonter's bottle cork with the contents of the bottle, struck his antagonist in the face, who fell and cried "*I am a dead man*" He recovered, however, from his affright, to the no small pleasure and amusement of the by standers.

Burlington Sentinel.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening the 16th inst. by the Revd Robert Stewart, of this county; ROBERT WICKLIFFE, Esq to MRS MARY O. RUSSELL, both of Lexington.

DIED,

In this County, on Saturday morning the 14th inst. *Mr. Edward Welch*, for many years past a citizen of Lexington, and a worthy member of the Presbyterian church.

"Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord."

From the Salem Observer.

SHIPWRECK AND MASSACRE.

Narrative of the Shipwreck of the English whale ship Rambler, Captain Graves, on the South West Coast of Madagascar, in the month of August, 1825, and of the Massacre of the Captain and several of the crew, by the natives.

I sailed from London, early in April, 1825, in the Whale ship Rambler, belonging to the Messrs. Enderbys of that city, under the command of Capt. A. B. Graves, a native, I believe, of Boston, U. States. We were very fortunate in the first part of our voyage, and killed several large whales, and had cruised in the Mozambique channel, till the 11th of August, when we were wrecked off Cape St. Felix. The ship thumped two or three times on the rocks, but at last was raised by the heavy swell of the sea, and driven over into deep water. We let go our anchors and lowered our boats, and had succeeded in taking on board of them a little water and about four bags of bread, when our ship filled and sunk. Our crew being distributed among the five boats, the captain ordered us to steer for the Island of Majumba. Soon after we left the wreck, one of the boats, which contained a great part of our water and nearly all our bread, filled and sunk. That night we went ashore on a small island, near the main, and drew up our boats. After some consultation among the officers, it was thought best to attempt reaching Majumba, as it was a place where American and English vessels most commonly traded. We reckoned the distance to be about six hundred and fifty miles. The captain ordered an equal division to be made of all her bread and water, and we shared a pint of water and three biscuits apiece. The next morning we got under way about ten o'clock, and coasted along, till towards night, when we went ashore on another small island, which appeared not to be inhabited, though we saw several tracks of human feet on the sand.

About noon, the next day, while sailing along the coast, we saw several natives ashore. We rowed in towards them, and made signs to them, that we needed some water, but they were alarmed and ran away. We landed and found on the shore a few pieces of raw turtle, and a small quantity of water, which the natives had left. We greedily devoured them, and searched their huts for more, but without success. We took to our boats again, and after sailing a few minutes, came to a river, which was not laid down in our chart. Sailed up this river a short distance, in hopes of finding some fresh water, but being disappointed, we returned and continued coasting along shore till night, when we again came to anchor. The next day we saw more huts on shore, and landed. The natives had run away on our approach. Thinking it not prudent to go far into the country, we searched all their huts, and fortunately found some fruit, a little brackish water, and a few wild beans. We roasted the beans, but they made us all sick. Here we spent the fourth night.

The next day we passed another village, and made signs to the natives, that we wanted some water. They went away, and soon after returned with some, which they brought to the shore, and made signs to us, that we might have it, if we would give them something for it. The captain gave them his neck cloth, and we handed to them one of our boat buckets, which they returned to us full of water, and some of us gave them a jacket, others their trowsers, for the weather was so uncomfortably hot, that we had no occasion for our clothes. We gave them the bucket a second time, and they brought it back full of water, but they refused to give it to us, unless we gave them the remainder of our clothes. On our refusing, they emptied the bucket, and threw it aside and drove us away. We continued sailing along the coast for three days longer, occasionally landing for the purpose of searching the sands for shell fish, but generally without success. We at last saw a great number of huts on shore. Some of the natives launched a canoe from the shore, and come out a little distance towards us. The captain spoke to them, and one of them answered in broken English, that there was plenty of bullock meat and water ashore, and that we could have it if we would go ashore. Capt. Graves ordered us to land; and to keep our boats at anchor a few rods from the shore, that we might retreat to them in case we met with any difficulty. We went ashore, leaving the cook in one boat, and two little boys in the others. Our fourth boat with the first mate and her crew, having separated from us the day before. On our landing, the man who hailed us, told us that the natives had gone into the country for the bullocks. He carried us to a fine spring of water, where we drank as much as we wanted.

We then went back to the huts, and found some boiled corn and dried bananas. In about two hours they returned with four bullocks, and made signs to us, that we must get a rope for catching the bullocks. One of us brought a boat rope, and we went to work, to kill one of the bullocks. We had a great deal of trouble about it, he was so wild and furious. While we were engaged in killing him, the natives suddenly left us, but we were so intent upon our business, that we did not mind it. Capt. Graves suspected something, and ran towards the shore; in a few moments he was observed to make signs to us, to leave our work and follow him. We immediately ran towards him, and, to our astonishment, saw nearly two hundred armed natives armed with muskets and spears, surrounding two of the boats, which they had drawn up on the beach and were plundering. Capt. Graves ran in advance of us towards the boat, which was at anchor, and was pursued by six or seven of the natives, as far as the water, when they overtook him and speared him. When he fell into the water, they left him, and ran back to the boats on the beach. For a few moments, Capt. Graves rose, and staggered towards the shore, where he was again attacked by them, and while raising up his hands to ask mercy of them, was speared several times, and at last shot. He fell on his back, and was immediately surrounded by the natives, who stripped him of every thing. While this was going on, we were attempting our escape, but they cut us off, and only three of us reached the boat. I was last, and was pursued by two of them, each armed with two spears, as far as the boat, when I seized a rusty musket, and aimed it at them. They immediately sunk, and did not rise again till they reached the shore. Several of our shipmates had waded off up to their chins, crying for help, but the natives pursued them, and stabbed them. On getting into the boat, I found John Mills and John Adams, who had run down the beach ahead of me, the cook to whose charge the boat was left, two Portuguese who had come a few moments before the massacre, and a little boy, John Doft, who ran down with the Captain, and swam to the boat.

The whole number we left on shore was fourteen, all of whom were massacred, excepting Charles Fisher, a little boy and two of the men, were made prisoners by the natives.

Fisher was afterwards ransomed by Captain Bates, of this town, but soon died in consequence of the ill treatment which he had received from the natives. The two men were prisoners at the time Fisher was ransomed.

We got under way and steered northerly for Majumba. All we had on board to subsist upon, was a little water and a small quantity of bread-dust, which we found in the bottom of the bag. We continued thus coasting for ten days, stopping at times in search of shell-fish, and only finding three crabs and an eel, which we divided among us. We were frequently pursued by the natives.

On the eleventh day, in the afternoon, a brig passed within eight or nine miles of us, but we were unable to make known to her our situation. We sailed up the Bay, and soon discovered several vessels at anchor. We rowed up to one of them, which proved the Reaper, belonging to this town, commanded by Captain Johnson. One of the other vessels was the Syren, Capt. Kinsman, likewise belonging to this town. Captain Johnson received us on board, and to the kind and assidious attentions which were paid to us by all on board, I feel that we are indebted for the preservation of our lives. The next morning after we arrived, a boat came along side, which proved to be our missing boat with the mate's crew. They had arrived a few hours before we came in, and had fortunately succeeded in getting provisions from the natives along the coast.

I shipped on board of the Syren, Capt. Kinsman, and sailed soon after for the East Indies, and thence to this town, where I arrived on the 26th of last month. Mills and Adams worked their passage to Pulo Penang and then took passage homeward in a ship bound to London. I left the two Portuguese at Majumba. The other of my shipmates who escaped the massacre with us, John Doft, was left with Captain Bates of this town, who sent him on board of a British man of war.

I was at Vavoo, one of the Friendly Islands, in the same ship, commanded by Capt. Powell, in the voyage before this, when the Captain and our boat's crew were cut off by the natives.

HENRY CRUTTENDEN.

Salem, Sept. 12th, 1826.

From the Christian Magazine.

THE OUTCASTS OF ISRAEL.

If "the outcasts of Israel" are not to be found in America, *where*, suffer me to ask *are they to be found*! Between two and three thousand years ago, they disappeared from the civilized world, and went *somewhere*—where we believe they now exist, a distinct people. Where then did they go? And where are they at present? They are not in Europe—they are not in Africa—and, so far as is known, they are not in Asia. The habitable earth has been to a very great extent explored, and unless we place them in the wilds of America, they are not to be found.

The natives of this continent, if we except the Esquimaux and Greenlanders, are manifestedly *one* people. This is proved, from the similarity of their personal appearance, of their customs, of their religious worship and belief, and especially of their language. They are said, indeed, to speak different tongues; but it is now agreed, by the best judges, that these are little more than different dialects of the same tongue. The natives of both the Americas, and of every part of the country, bear evident marks of a *common* origin, and having descended from some common branch of the human family. And not only are they of the same origin and race; they have preserved themselves in a great measure *distinct* from all other people. They are as distinct, at this day, almost, as the Jews are. In this view, they correspond exactly with what we might expect of the descendants of Israel.

That they are the descendants of Israel, is rendered probable by their *traditions* respecting the coming and settlement of their forefathers in this country.—We have seen already, from the apocraphal history, when the tribes of Israel left Media, they journeyed, in a north-easterly direction, 'a year and a half.' This might carry them to the northeast extremity of Asia, and very possibly over Bhering's straits, into the limits of America. In strict accordance with this account, the American natives have a tradition, that a long time ago, their fathers came here from another country—that in their journey they passed over the great waters—and that they came to their present settlements from the northwest. The Mexicans not only had this tradition, but pretended that they could show the places where their fathers stopped, in their journey from the northwest coast. Here, then, on the other hand, we have an account of the tribes of Israel leaving Media, and travelling long enough in a northeasterly direction, to bring them very nearly, if not quite, upon the northwest coast of America; and on the other, we have a current tradition of the Indians, that their fathers actually came from this coast, and beyond it, from another country.

Another argument, to show that the American Indians are the descendants of the Israelites, is derived from their *language*. Between the language of these Indians and the Hebrew, there is, to say the least, a strong affinity. This fact has been noticed by many writers, and by those too who were best able to form a judgment in the case. I could mention as many as thirty

words, besides several phrases of some considerable length, which are almost precisely the same in Indian as in Hebrew. The Hebrew word *Hallelujah*, so common in sacred music among ourselves, is still more common in the sacred songs of the Indians. The Hebrew word *Jehovah*, is in Indian *Yohe-wah*. The Hebrew *Jah*, another name of the Deity, is in Indian *Yah*. And the Hebrew *Ale*, another name of the Deity, is in Indian precisely the same. The construction of the Indian languages, by means of prefixes and suffixes, also gives it a striking resemblance to the Hebrew. How shall we account for the strong affinity between the languages, unless we suppose the American Indians to be in fact Israelites!

Some have thought that a similarity might be traced between the *features* of the American Indians, and those of the Jews. This was the opinion of the Celebrated William Penn. In describing the natives, soon after his arrival among them, he says 'I found them, with like countenances with the *Hebrew race;* and their children of so lively a resemblance to them, that a man would think himself in Duke's Place or Barry street, (the *Jew's corner*,) in London, when he sees them."

The American Indians have many traditions, corresponding with *sacred history*, which can hardly be accounted for, unless on the supposition that their fathers were once acquainted with the inspired volume. They not only have traditions, like many of the heathen of a general *deluge*, but retain some obscure ideas of numerous other facts, mentioned in the scriptures. They believe that the man was created from the earth, and that the woman was formed from a part of the man. They have a tradition of the *longevity* of the first inhabitants of the world when men 'lived till their feet were worn out with walking, and their throats with eating.' They have a tradition of the confusion of tongues—that 'a long time ago, the people went to build a high place; and that while they were building, they lost their language, and could not understand each other.' They have a tradition that, a great while since, they had a common father, and that this father had twelve sons—in allusion, doubtless, to the twelve sons of Jacob. They tell us, 'that their ancestors had once a sanctified rod, which *budded in a night's time*'—Like the rod of Aaron. They believe that 'the Great Spirit, in very ancient times, often held councils and smoked with their fathers, and gave them laws to be observed; but that in consequence of their disobedience, he withdrew from them, and abandoned them to the vexations of the bad spirit.' These traditionary accounts, (to which I have it in my power to add others,) are very remarkable, and clearly indicate that the ancestors of the Indians must at some period have been acquainted with the sacred history of the Old Testament.

The religious *belief* of the American Indians differs materially from that of the other heathen nations, and agrees, in many points, with that of the ancient Israelites. They believe in the existence of *one God*, the great invisible Spirit, who created, and who constantly governs the world; and although all the tribes may not have kept themselves entirely free from idolatry; yet, in general, they agree, and have ever agreed, in directing their *worship* to God alone. They believe in a superintending *Providence*, and manifest often a degree of gratitude on the reception of favours, and of submission in adversity, which would not discredit professing Christians. Their sense of dependence on the Great Spirit, leads them very frequently to *pray* to him. "Every morning" says our Missionaries among the Osages, "we hear them, on all sides around us, to a great distance from their camp, engaged in very earnest prayer to God their Creator. This they do likewise on all extraordinary occasions, as when they receive any distinguished favour." Such was their practice when the Missionaries found them, and before they had received any religious instruction. The Indians believe in the existence of *angels* and *demons*, and that the demons have a chief over them, who is more wicked than the rest. They believe that they are themselves "*the beloved people*" of the Great Spirit, as the ancient Israelites did; that they were the peculiar, chosen people of God. The Indians also believe in a future state of rewards and punishments, to be distributed according to the characters which are sustained here. If, now, we compare these religious views and traits with those of the debased and idolatrous heathen in Asia, and in other parts of the world; we shall discover a *difference* for which it will not be easy to account, but by supposing the remote ancestors of the American Indians to have been acquainted with Divine revelation.

THEATRE.

From the Pittsburgh Recorder we publish the following just remarks on the Theatre:—

"We have frequently expressed our sentiments and given the views of others on the subject of theatrical amusements. Many persons are found in our country who, not only assert the innocence of these amusements, but pretend that the theatre is calculated to expose and discountenance vicious conduct, and tends to encourage and promote virtue and good morals in the community. But that it has the contrary tendency and effect, has been maintained with good reason by the wisest and best of men in all ages. Time and space will not allow us at present, to make large or numerous extracts from the works of those who have judiciously written upon this subject. Probably few, if any, have more thoroughly investigated the subject, or more clearly proved the demoralizing influence of theatrical exhibitions; than the celebrated Dr. John Witherspoon, who, for a considerable time, in the advance of the last century, filled with great dignity, acceptance, and usefulness, the Presidential Chair of New-Jersey College. To his excellent essay on the Stage we refer our juvenile readers for information which may prove the means of preserving them from a thousand snares and that awful destruction which awaits the votaries of pleasure. And, at present, we solicit their particular attention to the following remarks of another very distinguished writer, the celebrated Dr. Timothy Dwight, late President of Yale College. We hope they will be duly considered, and have a salutary and lasting influence upon the minds of those who are exposed to dangerous temptations, in this city and other places, but are not yet abandoned to dissipated pleasure and amusement.

Having mentioned and condemned the amusements of Horse-racing, Cock fitting, Bull-baiting, and Gaming, Dr Dwight proceeds as follows:

"From the gaming table turn your researches next to *the Theatre*.—Think, first, of *the almost uniform character* of the miserable wretches, who are trained to create the diversion. How low are they, almost without an exception, fallen; and and how low do they fall, of course, by the deplorable employment, to which they are most wickedly tempted to devote themselves! If you are at a loss, read a history, or even a professed panegyric, of this class of mankind. You will find it filled up with crimes, which disgrace the name even of sinful man, and with characters, which are a blot even on this guilty world. Consider, next, *the Performance*, which these unhappy men and women are employed to exhibit. How few can be read without a blush, or without a sigh, by a person not seduced by habit, or not lost to virtue, and even to sobriety! How great a part are mere means of pollution! What art, labour, and genius, are engaged in them to garnish gross and dreadful vice; to disguise its nature and effects; to robe it in the princely attire of virtue; and to crown it with the rewards of well-doing! How often is even common decency insulted, ridiculed, and put to flight! In how many ways, and with how much art, is corruption softly and secretly instilled into the soul! In how many instances is virtue defaced, dishonoured, and, like the Saviour of mankind, crowned with thorns, sceptred with a reed, and mocked with pretended and insolent homage!

"Turn your eyes, next, to the *Audience*, whose wishes and property give birth to the whole establishment. Of whom is this audience composed? Of how few persons, whom virtue ever knew, or with whom she would not blush to confess her acquaintance! Of how many, who are strangers to all good! Of how many, who are ignorant even of decency; to whom vice is pleasing, and grossness an entertainment

"Accordingly, all the course of exhibition, except a little part thrust in as a sacrifice to decency and reputation, is formed of polluted sentiments, and polluted characters, in which whatever is not directly and openly abominable is meant merely as the white covering intended to shroud from the eye the death and rottenness within. Our own copious language, employed in the thousands of dramatic performances, probably cannot boast of a sufficient number of plays, as an Apostle would have pronounced innocent, to furnish a single stage for a single season.

"From the Stage, men are directly prepared to go to *the Brothel* The corruption of the one fits the mind with no common preparation to direct its course to the other."

WISDOM AND KINDNESS OF PROVIDENCE.

Saint Pierre, in his studies of Nature, says, that amidst the burning sands of Africa, there is a plant, whose leaf, twisted round like a cruet, is always filled with a large glass full of water; the gullet of this cruet, is shut by the extremity of the leaf itself to prevent the water from evaporation.. In some other districts of the country is a large tree, which the negroes call boat, the trunk of which being of a prodigious bulk, is hollowed out like a cistern. During the rainy season, it is full of water, which continues fresh and cool in the greatest heats, by means of the tufted foliage, which crowns its summit. In some of the parched rocky islands of the West Indies there is also found a tree called the water lianne, so full of sap, that a single branch of it being cut, as much water is immediatly discharged as a man requires at a draught, and it is perfectly pure and limped.

The University of Virginia has at present about 170 students within its walls. If the Law Lectures had commenced with the present session, it is calculated that the number would have increased to 200. There are students from all the States south of the Delaware; 2 from New York. The Faculty are stricter than they were during the last session, and the students generally more orderly and studious.

Richmond Enquirer.

A new way to boil Potatoes.—Take a pint of saw dust, and an equal quantity of fine beach sand, and stir them in a kettle together then add a double handful of coarse salt, and when the whole is warmed sufficiently, put in as many potatoes as the thing will hold; let them remain over a hot fire 15 minutes, and they are fit to eat.

POETRY.

CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

BY MONTGOMERY.

People of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found;
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns—a fugitive unblest,
Brethren! where your altar burns,
O receive me to your rest.

Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth shall fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

Tell me not of gain and loss,
Ease, enjoyment pomp and power;
Welcome poverty, and cross,
Shame, reproach affliction's hour!
"Follow me!"—I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord! thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light thy burthen now to me.

THE HOME OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Oh! sacred star of evening! tell
In what unseen, celestial sphere,
Those spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here?

Roam they the crystal fields of light,
O'er paths alone by angels trod?
Their robe with heavenly lustre bright,
Their home—the paradise of God!

Soul of the just! and canst thou soar
Amidst those radiant spheres sublime,
Where countless hosts of heaven adore,
Through the unbounded march of time!

And canst thou join the choir,
Thro' Heaven's high dome the strain to raise;
Where seraphs strike the golden lyre
In ever during notes of praise!

Oh! who would heed the chilling blast
That blows o'er time's eventful sea,
If doom'd to hail—those perils past—
The bright wave of eternity!

And who the sorrow would not bear
Of such a transient world as this,
When hope displays beyond its care,
So fair an entrance into bliss!

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

BY MR. DUNLAP.

The circumstances under which it was executed by Mr. Dunlap, exhibit, in a high degree, his skill and power as an artist. He has never seen the picture of West, on the same subject; but his painting is said by amateurs to equal at least that great work of our distinguished countryman. As this work will probably never be exhibited in our city again, we take this opportunity of extracting from Carey's "Critical and Analytical Review" of West's picture, (on the description of which, added to a small etched outline, Mr Dunlap professes to have founded his painting,) that passage which describes the principal groupe of the work—the family who in the fulness of youth, health, and wealth, are cut down and destroyed by the Pale Horse and his rider.

"Immediately before the thundering hoofs of the Pale Horse, an idea of the speedy depopulation of the fourth part of the earth, is conveyed by a deep and awful calamity. The body of a wife struck suddenly dead in the bloom of youth and beauty, is supported by her husband, who kneels on one knee, while she has sunk her head resting, upon the other. The painter has stripped the awful change of its severity, and has given a nameless charm to that, from which the eye in general, turns with involuntary quickness. We beheld the inanimate form of a young and charming woman, as if an instant had not passed since the blood ceased to circulate. It appears as if some remains of warmth still lingered in the frame. A lovely paleness overspreads her face, neck, and arm which are uncovered. The roses have only just fled from her cheeks, the eye is not closed, but its liquid lustre is quenched. The Mother's figure is a creation of sentiment. Her last moment is marked by a touching effort of maternal tenderness. The position of her arm shows a dying endeavour to save and support the nurseling which an instant before bloomed in health and vigour on her breast. But the beautiful boy is at once struck lifeless with her, and falls headlong from her embrace. On the far side of the mother's body, a spectacle still more affecting than her lifeless son appears. Her daughter, a graceful girl of tender age, fixes the attention. Her fair hair flowing without ornament, in abundant ringlets; the tasteful style of her dress, the delicate beauty of her countenance and the natural elegance of her figure, render her an object of the warmest interest apart from the circumstances in which she appears. The instantaneousness of her mother's and brother's death, which is so well expressed by the colouring of their lifeless bodies, is further confirmed by her action, which evidently shows that she has not had time to learn the full extent of her loss. The husband and father, visited by this calamity, is a manly figure in the prime of life. His dark hair reheves his head with spirit; and his action and expression show that the fall of his wife has been so sudden that he has not yet had time to know the worst. His countenance and eyes are turned round from the corpse, to the Pale Horse, and his disengaged arm is outstretched to shield his beloved brethren from the thundering hoofs and poisonous breath."

Troy Sentinel.

REVIVALS.

We learn that 30 candidates now stand propounded for admission into the church at Townsend Mass. who are among the fruits of the revival in that place. A considerable number more, making in all about 60 are stated to have entertained hopes. In several other towns in that region, appearances are promising. The revival at Hollis, continues to flourish. At Dunbarton there seems to be a prospect of a glorious work. We are informed that 150 attended an inquiry meeting held at this place last week, and that about 30 have recently obtained hopes. The good work at Goffstown still continues. A considerable number have expressed hopes that they have experienced upon their hearts the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit. Several other towns in this vicinity present favorable appearances and it is earnestly hoped that revivals of religion among us will continue to be multiplied, and that glorious accessions will be made to the church of Christ. The result of the late revival at Dartmouth College, promises well for the interests of Zion. The hopeful subjects of it in general, we are told, appear to have experienced genuine conversion to God, and to be determined to devote their lives to the service of their Redeemer. In the vicinity of the College, their still prevails a more than usual attention to the concerns of religion.

Concord N. H. Rep. and Obs.

ANECDOTE

Of the Rev. W. B Cadogan.

A musical amateur of eminence, who had often observed Mr. Cadogan's inattention to his performance, said to him one day, "Come, I am determined to make you feel the force of music; pay particular attention to this piece." It was played. Well, what do you say now." "Why, just what I said before." "What! can you hear this and not be charmed? "Well, I am quite surprised at your insensibility! where were your ears?" "Bear with me, my lord," replied Mr. C. "since I too have had my surprise; I have often, from the pulpit, set before you the most striking and affecting truths; I have sounded notes that have raised the dead; I have said surely he will feel now; but you never seemed charmed with my music, though infinitely more interesting than yours. I too have been ready to say with astonishment—where are your ears?"

MOUNT ARARAT.—Nothing can be more beautiful than the shape of Ararat; nothing more awful than its height. All the surrounding mountains sink into insignificance when compared to it. It is perfect in all its parts. No rugged features; no unnatural prominences. Every thing is harmony; and all combines to render it one of the most interesting objects in nature. Spreading originally from an immense base, the slope towards its summit is easy and gradual, until it reaches the regions of snow, where it becomes more abrupt. As a foil to this stupenduous object, a small hill rises from the same base, similar in shape, and in any other situation entitled to rank among high mountains. No one since the flood seems to have been on the summit of Ararat: for the rapid ascent of its snowy top appears to render the attempt impossible. No man, certainly, has ascended it in modern times.—When the adventurous Tournefort failed, it is not probable that any one else has succeeded.—*Asiatic Journal.*

EDUCATION.

Thomas D. and Mrs. Burch, propose teaching a school in the house of Col. Drake, situated on main-street, nearly opposite Mrs. Keen's Inn. The terms of tuition, time of commencement, and the Branches proposed to be taught, will be made known in the next week's paper.

BOOKS,

Printed and published by T T Skillman, and for sale at the West. Luminary office.

M'Chord's Sermons, Specie,	$1 50
Do Last Appeal,	1 50
Do. Body of Christ,	0 62
Chalmers' Sermons,	0 75
Whitefield's Sermons,	1 00
Meikle's Traveller.	1 00
Memoirs of Revd. David Rice,	1 00
Miller's Letters on Unitarianism,	0 75
Whitefield's Memoirs.	0 75
Mason on Self knowledge,	0 75
Watts' Lyric Poems,	0 62
Essays to do Good,	0 62
Christian Soldier,	0 75
Ward's Letters,	0 75
Practical Piety—by Hannah More,	0 62
Almost Christian,	0 62
Cleland's Hymns,	0 62
Do. Unitarianism Unmasked,	0 62
Life of Doctor Franklin,	0 62
Constitutions of the United States,	1 50
Introduction to the English Reader,	0 37
Life of Dr Thomas Scott,	1 25

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